delights and states of the world, blind you so, that, when the vicar of Christ, he whom you elected by a canonical election, wishes to correct your lives and that you should be sweet-smelling flowers in the garden of Holy Church, you now spread poison, and say he is not true Pope, but that you did it for fear, and for dread of the fury of the people ? This is not the truth ; and, if it had been, you were worthy of death for having elected the Pope with fear of men and not with fear of God. But this you cannot say, or, if you say it, cannot prove it; for what you did with fear, to appease the people, appeared manifestly to all when you put the mantle of St. Peter upon Messer di San Pietro, and said that you had chosen him Pope. This was seen not to be the truth ; and it was found so, when the tumult ceased ; and so he confessed, and you, too, that he was not Pope, but Messer Bartolommeo, Archbishop of Bari, was elected Pope. And what moved you, if the latter was not Pope, to re-elect him then afresh, with an orderly election, without any violence, and to crown him with such great solemnity, with all the order that is required for this function, as had not been done in the election of any ot his predecessors ? But I know what moves you to denounce him to the contrary : your self-love, which can brook no correction. For, before he began to bite you with words, and wished to draw the thorns out of the sweet garden, you confessed and announced to us, little sheep, that Pope Urban VI was true Pope. And so I confess, and do not deny him, that he is the vicar of Christ, who holds the keys of the blood in truth ; which truth shall not be confounded by the liars and wicked men of the world, for the truth is the thing that sets us free. O wretches I you see not how you have fallen, because you have deprived yourselves of light. You have taken the poison for yourselves, but why do you give it to others ? Have you no pity upon so many little sheep, who for this are leaving the fold ?"[1]

And to the Count of Fondi, a few weeks before the election of Clement, she wrote that self-love and wicked anger had poisoned and corrupted him who should be a true worker in the

[1] Letter 312 (315), dated October 8, 1378, in the Harleian MS.